

d.c. gazette

VOL. I No. 24

Oct. 26 - Nov. 8, 1970

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violence
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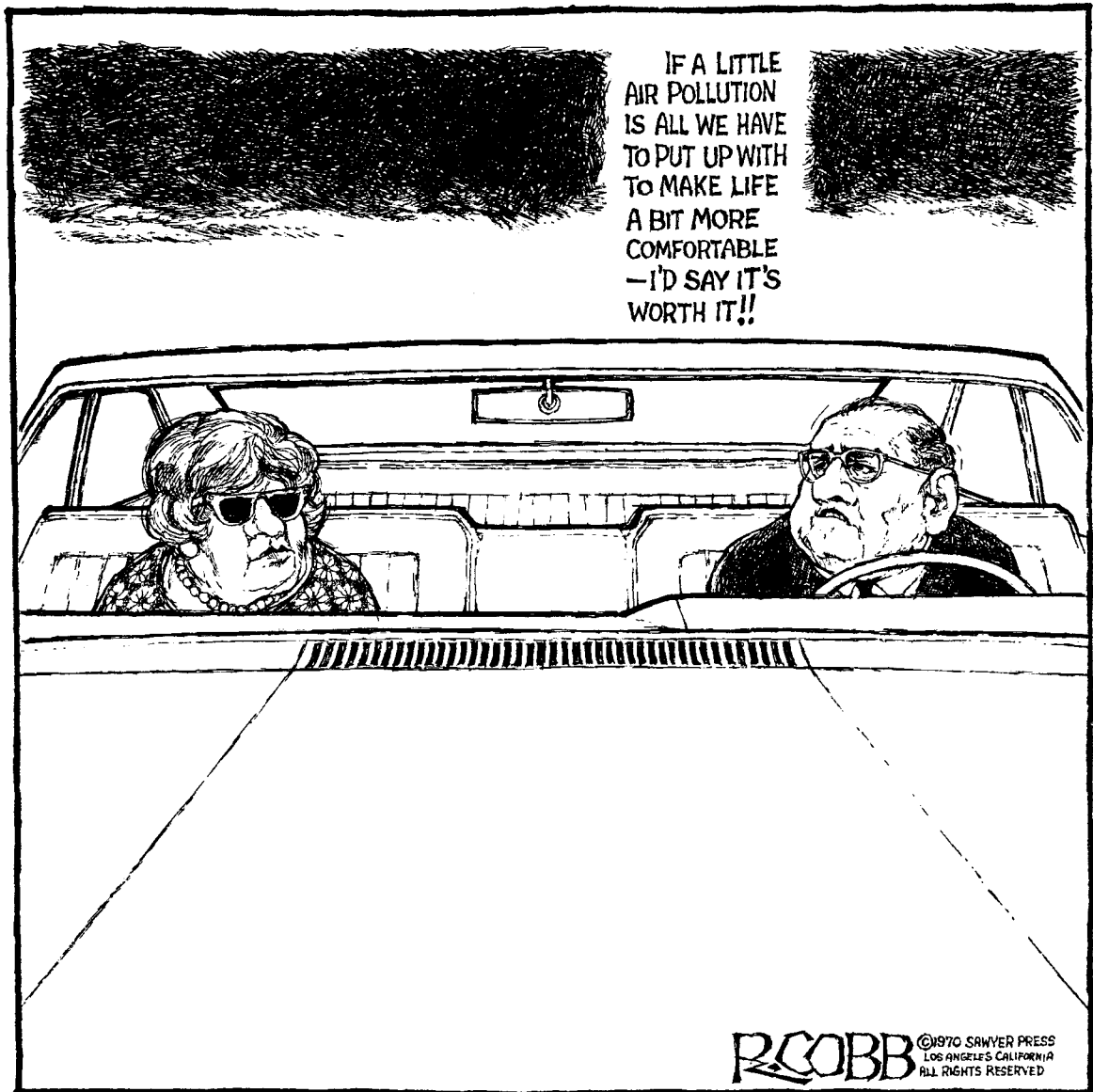
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Hate of country and radicalism

JULIUS LESTER

FOR almost a decade, America has been subjected to protests from blacks and white youth. Protests and rhetoric have not reflected 'love of country' and the burning of draft cards and American flags made it inevitable that, at some point, patriotism itself would become a political issue. Young political radicals simplistically have divided people into two categories: revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries. At the other end of the political spectrum, people are rapidly being separated, like wheat from chaff, into two piles not very different from those made by radicals: patriots and traitors.

American radicals are perhaps the first radicals anywhere who have sought to make a revolution in a country which they hate. And, it is this hatred of the country which, more than anything else, they have communicated to the rest of America. That there is ample reason to hate America is clear. The war in Southeast Asia is sufficient. Yet, can one wage an effective struggle in a country for which one has little love?

This is not to say that radicals should become flag-waving patriots. The American flag does represent as much evil as did the German swastika and there is no real way in which a radical can relate to the flag. Yet, America is our country, whether we like it or not. We are products of its history and institutions, shaped and formed by them, for better or worse. And, even in some distant future of an America of semi-autonomous regions, like Woodstock Nation, a black state, etc., those regions will reflect their birth in the American character.

We must come to our own positive sense of what it is to have been born and raised in America. As radicals we look for our models in the heroes of other countries. Our inspiration comes from blacks, and the history of the Chinese, Vietnamese and Cuban revolutions. There is nothing in the history of America to correspond to the socialist revolutions of the twentieth century. But, the fact remains that these revolutions did not look to the history of other nations for their inspiration. The Vietnamese

see themselves as the worthy successors to a long history of resistance. We, however, have completely turned our backs on the history of our country. We reject it as having been one long story of the oppression of others.

Partially this is because the radical movements which preceded ours in the twentieth century political radicalism have come from the members of European immigrant groups, who while accepting America as their new home, had their roots in other cultures and other nations. In becoming American radicals they were naturally unable to divest themselves of their own history or to acquire a sense of American history, which in the final analysis, can only come from having one's roots in America. The present radical movement, whether it wants to acknowledge it or not, is the successor of the Old Left, which did not have its roots in the American radical tradition of the Whiskey Rebellion, the Populists of the IWW. It was rooted in the European Marxism-Leninism, and in particular, German radicalism. As the inheritors of the Old Left, it is therefore not surprising that we so easily reject everything American and look elsewhere for our sense of history.

We cannot continue to do this. Just as blacks are beginning to feel that they are the inheritors of a tradition of resistance to oppression, young whites must begin to see themselves in a similar way, and not in the images of revolution given to us by the Chinese, Vietnamese or Cuban revolutions. As much as we might want to be, we are not barbudos. Our tradition is that of Joe Hill and the IWW. It is William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and John Brown. It is Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott and Maria Lydian Childs. It is Tecumseh, Sitting Bull, Nat Turner, Harriet Tubman, all of whom are closer to whites than Che or Ho can ever be.

We are also unaware of our history of resistance because we have accepted the ruler's version of American history. We accept it as

the only history of America and fail to realize that the importance of black and ethnic studies is through them, American history will be written from the point of view of those who have suffered. There has been a constant struggle against the evils of America by its people, but we will remain unaware of it as long as we take our inspiration from other countries, as long as we continue in the tradition of radicalism established by European immigrants.

The one thing which the so-called patriots have is a sense of their past. They have roots and are conscious of those roots. They are the descendants of slave traders and Indian fighters and are carrying on that tradition. Because we reject that tradition, we reject America and its people. That is not revolutionary thinking; it is adolescent emotionalism. The slave-traders and Indian-killers are only an aspect of American history. But their point of view will continue to be the whole story until we begin to write and tell and sing of those Americans whose daily lives have been a struggle against the evil which America represents and an affirmation of what is good in Man.

As long as we feel that we have no country, we can do nothing more than hate it. It is impossible for any sane person not to feel alienated from America, but we must define more precisely what it is from which we are rightly alienated. As long as we define it simply as 'America,' then we will be more interested in destroying than transforming. It is inconceivable that a Cuban revolutionary would've felt such an intense hatred for Cuba as many of us feel for America. But, he could not have felt it, for he knew that Cuba was good. It was merely being profaned by Cubans and Americans who did not love it.

We cannot make a revolution by hating the country we live in and the people who inhabit it. We can only force people to react against us and for the wrong reasons. If people feel compelled to Honor America, then they must think that our objective is to dishonor America, instead of, for instance, get rid of the profit motive. It (Please turn to next page)

From Liberation/UPS

MUSIC

RICK

Jimi Hendrix

"Have you ever really been experienced?
Well, I have."

--Jimi Hendrix

"I can see how poor people, lonely people, someone without hope, might do smack," a brother told me. "But Hendrix had everything. Why Hendrix?"

I didn't have a ready answer but it's been on my mind since. And I think the hollowness of the Youth Culture is largely at fault. Like we haven't done much to break down alienation. We have not truly become sisters and brothers.

The day after he died, a disc jockey on the radio called him "Brother Jimi Hendrix." But I'd never heard him referred to as "Brother" while he was still alive.

Jimi Hendrix was born and raised in Seattle. But he had to go across the country, and then, across the Atlantic to find acceptance for his music. Racism, cultural stagnation, the normal hassles of breaking into the "music industry." Whatever the reason, Hendrix had to leave the U.S. and go to London before he achieved recognition of his talent.

With drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding he formed the Jimi Hendrix Experience. They were the first of the super high energy bands -- the epitome of acid rock. And the model for countless other bands and guitar players.

I saw the Experience on their first tour of the States. They played a free concert in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. Hendrix wasn't that famous yet, but you knew he would be soon.

He was absolutely beautiful! You couldn't just stand there -- you had to move. The music had too much power and life in it.

Finally, after a long set, he quit playing. Stage managers started taking down the stage and the generator. But the people didn't quit dancing! We kept it up about an hour after the music stopped.

The next time I saw him it wasn't so good. He played Winterland for Bill Graham. The place was packed and everybody had set themselves down in neat orderly rows. They were spectators who'd paid their \$3 and were there to be ENTERTAINED.

All the energy was flowing in one direction. It went from Hendrix and the band to the audience, which greedily consumed it. Hendrix obviously felt the drain. He was snotty and condescending. The music was good but he wasn't enjoying himself like he had been in the park.

Hendrix was, by that time, a rock idol. The believers paid homage (money) to bask in his presence. They hoped some of the idol's music, soul, excitement, power, sex, or whatever, would rub off on them.

The audience didn't realize they had the power themselves; the power to "recycle" the energy Hendrix was giving them. To tear down the performer/audience walls. To bring the performance together. To get the whole place high.

Our revolutionary music, our new art form, is still part of the old show business hype: The performers alone on a pedestal. The audience wishing they could be just like the performer, and BUYING the performer's artifacts. If they ever got together they might find they were all people. And the whole idol worshipper relationship might crumble.

The people who run the music industry know this. A few months back, when Jimi was in Berkley, some local people asked him to do a Black Panther benefit show. Jimi dug the idea. And his advisors did too -- if they could make a film of Hendrix relating to the radical community. They felt this would even further enhance the value of their "property."

Without the shuck film, the managers weren't interested. And though Jimi wanted to, "contractual obligations" prevented him from doing the benefit. Despite being a big star, he wasn't free to perform how and when he wanted.

This system is so tightassd that even its privileged classes are put in a box. And no one was meant to live in a box.

But why did Hendrix take up smack? Traditionally, smack has affected the poor. It's been put into the black community where poor people are glad to escape the daily degradation of slum

life. But more and more we find people of all races and social classes trying to escape through smack. Loneliness, alienation, and despair make smack attractive to increasing numbers of young people. Even the famous. Even the rich. Even Jimi Hendrix.

This wouldn't be the case if our righteous Youth Nation was a reality. But so far, its only a slogan, only a dream. We're going to have to build it. And we're going to have to put a lot of love and warmth and concern in it.

Altamont should tell us something. Dylan's "retirement" (was he perhaps sick of being

drained?) should tell us something. The death of Jimi Hendrix should tell us something. The Woodstock Nation isn't here yet -- no matter what Abbie, or Life, or the movie, or the record company say. We aren't together. Not yet.

If we can't tear down the walls that divide us. If we can't start being more open and loving to our sisters and brothers, if we can't relate both to Hendrix and the 12-year-old teeny-bopper, if we can't stop smack... then the culture isn't worth much. Goodbye Jimi. Thanks for the good times.

(The Tribe/LNS)

FOODS

PAULA AYERS

A course in sprouts

THE innocuous bean sprout could contribute more now to human survival than ever before in its five thousand year history. Sprouted seeds and grains are cheap, easy, untouched by chemicals, and delicious. The only reason we don't hear more about them is that they are hard to exploit commercially.

Seeds have everything needed to renew the cycle of life. In order to preserve these transient values, nature has put many of the nutrients in an insoluble form, until conditions are right for germination. Once seeds have begun to sprout, some of these nutrients increase and all are assimilated more easily.

There are many qualities in sprouts which aren't in the dormant seed. Rations of sprouts restored fertility to cows that had lost, or never had, the ability to reproduce. Dr. E. Pfeiffer, a leading scientist of bio-dynamics, has, without exception, restored fertility to bulls by following a limited diet of green alfalfa with generous amounts of sprouted oats. In experiments as far back as the turn of the century, old decrepit rats (equivalent to 90-year-old humans in age) were transformed into youthful, active animals by a diet of newly sprouted stems and very young leaves.

Home-brewed sprouted-millet beer provided enough vitamin C to protect Algerians in their homeland from infections and scurvy. Transplanted to France, where they drank commercial Hi-Dry beer, many developed scurvy during wartime conditions. This is probably due to other values of sprouts as well as the high vitamin C content.

Not only is the vitamin C increased by sprouting, B vitamin content, which is relatively high in seeds and grains, is increased as much as 13 times in some cases. Vitamin E increases markedly, probably accounting for the value of sprouts in restoring fertility to animals.

Sprouts are rich in enzymes, which are

necessary for starting and stopping every chemical interaction required for life. These complex molecules, containing vitamins and minerals, are destroyed by heat over 140° F. The body gradually makes less enzymes with age. Since fresh fruit and vegetables contain enzymes very similar to human enzymes, you can conserve your body's supply and thereby maintain and extend your vitality by eating lots of fresh, raw produce, especially sprouts.

In all sprouts, starches tend to be reduced to simple sugars, making them a sweet and good energy food (not empty calories, though).

Chlorophyll develops when sprouts are exposed to daylight. The chlorophyll molecule is very similar to hemoglobin, the difference being that it has magnesium at the center while hemoglobin has iron. Chlorophyll is very helpful in healing wounds, sweetening the breath and cleaning the intestinal tract.

All these values of sprouts are quite stable. Even drying (dehydration) of wheat sprouts doesn't destroy the newly made nutrients. Sprouts also freeze well.

Ann Wigmore, in Boston, has shown the usefulness of sprouts combined with wheat grass (seedling wheat grown in flats of organic soil) in curing or retarding problems from diabetes to ulcers to cancer. Because she is unorthodox, she is ignored by professional medicine. Yet even now, sprouts are being tested by doctors here in D.C. as a cancer treatment.

Alfalfa seeds are probably the easiest to sprout and are among the best tasting since the crisp stem and tiny leaves predominate over the seed itself. Alfalfa has long been considered the best fodder for animals. Its roots penetrate the soil deeper than any other known plant, up to 100 feet! Alfalfa leaves have long been used to reduce the pain and swelling in rheumatic and arthritic conditions and also as a di-

(Please turn to page 8)

Radicalism cont'd

would be far better that they oppose us on the latter grounds than the former, for then, they would have at least been forced to confront something real: profit and the function it has in their lives.

Patriotism is a phony issue, but with the July 4 'Honor America Day' rallies, with the nationwide flapping of flags in the breeze, it is becoming the cutting edge for America's people. This is going to increase as the nation moves toward 1976 and the two-hundredth anniversary of its declaration of independence from England. We must not get caught in this trap, but must keep our attention rivetted on the basic question: the creation of a humanistic society. Patriotism can become the over-riding issue of the seventies if we fail to do this, and, if we fail to concretely link ourselves with the history of those Americans who have resisted.

Our roots are here and the seed was planted on July 4, 1776, when it was declared that 'whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness), it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such forms as to them shall most likely to effect their safety and happiness.' And, it was America's second president who stated, matter-of-factly, that 'a revolution of government is the strongest proof that can be given by a people, of their virtue and good sense.'

The struggle in which we are engaged is in the tradition of America that those who consider themselves patriots want us to deny. We must not accommodate them.

'Five Easy Pieces'

I CAN'T think of a more fraudulent or more unpleasant movie experience than Five Easy Pieces which, by the time you read this, should be opening at the Dupont Theatre. In a recent essay on 'youth movies' in The New Yorker, Pauline Kael wrote: "The few new movies that the 'film generation' responds to intensely are the most sentimental (about youth) and the most despairing (about America). It's a bad combination." Five Easy Pieces demonstrates just how bad that combination can be.

The film's exploitation of its audience begins with the title. The Five Easy Pieces are not, as you might reasonably assume, five eager sex partners; by my unreliable count, the protagonist has sex with only four women in the two weeks or so covered by the film. The "easy" is a commercial echo of Easy Rider, which involved the same actor cinematographer, distribution company and synthetic malaise, and the "pieces" refer to the musical background of Bobby Dupea (played by Jack Nicholson), the scion of a musical family who, for some vague, Siddharthian reason, has fled his family and gone to wander. We first see him working as an oil rigger, living with a Sweet but Dumb waitress and speaking in that Southern hillbilly accent affected by actors like Steve McQueen when they are trying to play "authentic" American types. These opening, Southern California sequences allow for smugly false investigations of America the Ugly--bowling alleys, super highways, luncheonettes--and the ugly people who inhabit it, all sporting Hollywood-tinted hair, and swaddled in polyethylene horror. Here, as elsewhere, the movie is so heartlessly superior to its people and so impercise in its observation of how they live, that one can't take it seriously for a moment. How could anyone credit the integrity of a filmmaker attempting a realistic portrait of American life who would use someone like Fanny Flagg--a T.V. 'personality' whose single claim to fame is a snide, vulgar caricature of Southerners? After the first few sequences, it is glaringly apparent that

Five Easy Pieces is going to revel self-righteously in manufactured ugliness, allowing its youthful audience an opportunity to wallow in romantic despair about the U.S.

Jack Richardson, whose cleverness in Easy Rider was greatly enhanced by the incompetence of his co-stars, is only half as good as he was in his last 'easy' film and appears already reduced to a series of easily predicted attitudes and mannerisms. However, once again, the inadequacy of most of his cohorts makes him look far better than he is. Lois Smith, his concert pianist sister, is obviously supposed to be some sort of terminal psychotic, although we are never told which kind or why. (Unless, of course, the actress herself is suffering from a serious mental disturbance--a not unlikely theatre-chair diagnosis.) The sister reveals that her father is dying, so Nicholson and his waitress (who is carrying his child) take off for the family home, an island off the northern Pacific coast. On the way, they pick up two women who rage on and on about our present ecological crisis. (It is an index to the film's opportunism that, just in case the youth audience turns out

(Please turn to page 5)



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THE Gazette has an opening for part-time assistant to type copy, handle billing and maintain circulation files. Sixteen hours a week, either full-time Tuesday, Wednesday or spread over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. Must be good typist and accurate. \$2.50/hour. Call Sam Smith at 543-5850.

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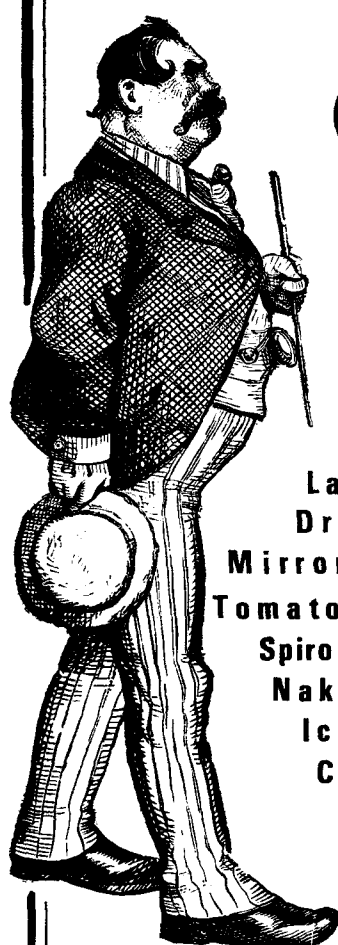
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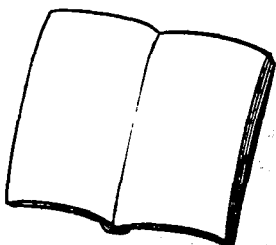
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WHAT'S HAPPENING

IRS HITS PUBLIC INTEREST GROUPS

The IRS is raising questions about the tax status of non-profit environmental and other public interest groups that have been pressing litigation in the courts. It is in the midst of a 60-day study of the matter, which seems aimed at harrasing these groups. If groups such as the Environmental Defense Fund lose their tax exemption it will be a big boon for industrial supporters of the Nixon Administration. Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D-Wisc.) plans hearings on the issue in early November. His address: room 404, Senate Office Building Washington DC.

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MORATORIUM & RESISTANCE

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The Committee of Returned Volunteers announces a series of publications which deal with American involvement abroad. The series includes: "Peru: Discovering Imperialism," "Mozambique Will Be Free," "Volunteer?" "Gulf Oil" and "Abolish the Peace Corps" Write CRV, 840 West Oakdale, Chicago, Ill. 60657. The set costs \$4 with discount bulk rates for movement groups.

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Films cont'd

to be unconcerned about ecology, the two women are portrayed as dope-crazed lesbians. There's no better way to nullify the seriousness of a statement than to put it in the mouth of a demented dyke.) Upon arriving home, Nicholson meets his brother (fatuous, impotent artist--this sort of film deals exclusively in types) and his brother's girl friend (frigid, artsy-craftsy, Sandy Dennis type, all saliva and sensibility, who instantly thaws for our young Werther) and his paralyzed father. (Paralyzed so that Nicholson can do the James Dean-Raymond Massey number from East Of Eden and Cry Real Tears.) The film ends with Nicholson gazing into a rest-room mirror, discovering that he is Empty, abandoning his loving, dippy, pregnant waitress and hopping a truck to Alaska to wander some more. I swear that I have not lied about any of the above particulars.

Five Easy Pieces panders to its audience with a shamelessness only equalled by the brazen manner in which Columbia is promoting it. I attended a screening for college students and teachers at which the Columbia huckster, forgetting that we were collegians and not a gathering of exhibitors, proudly announced "This picture opened in New York last week and it's been doing nothing but money." The film's strategy is the same as that of television programmers--Give the people something to feel superior to. (It is no coincidence that the director, Bob Rafelson, directed the Monkees on T. V. and in their unspeakable feature, Head.) It is an old enough technique. In vaudeville, it was Irishmen and Jews and Negroes. Now that we have become enlightened, it's hillbillies and cute nuns. (By the way, is it any wonder that a nation which spends its leisure time laughing at the dumbness of the unworldly can invade and destroy an underdeveloped country without giving its actions more than a second thought?) The youth audience--confused, angry, self-righteous, unknowledgeable--is encouraged to identify with Nicholson and thereby feel itself superior to everyone else in the film--artists, workers, intellectuals and so on. (I couldn't bear to describe the scene with the 'intellectuals'.) Then, when Nicholson too turns out to be Empty, they can even feel superior to him and double their own self-congratulatory sense of despair. This, I should add, is how the film is designed to work. The night I saw Five Easy Pieces, the kids didn't seem to be buying much of it.

There are a few things worth commending about the film. Laszlo Kovacs' cinematography isn't as good as some of his best work for Easy Rider, but it nonetheless has some impressive moments. (Paradoxically, Kovacs' camera insistently rediscovers America in films which seem intent upon embalming it.) And Karen Black, despite the obviousness and condescension with which her role is conceived, does some nice things as the waitress. Miss Black is not as fine a Dummy with Heart of Gold as, say, Kim Novak in Kiss Me Stupid or Shirley MacLaine in Some Came Running but she does manage to interject something recognizably human into the otherwise synthetic proceedings.

Five Easy Pieces wants to make us despair for the future of America but actually it only made me despair for the future of American movies. Great, even good, filmmaking opens us up to the possibilities of the human and physical worlds about us. The best of the newer American films, Loving, Pretty Poison, and especially Alice's Restaurant, are hardly optimistic but at least they help us to understand what we are these days and what we are struggling not to become. A cunning little youth exploitation picture like Five Easy Pieces, with its pre-fabricated angst and Sunset Strip alienation, dulls the senses and blunts our perceptions--its manipulated singleness of mind limits the way we see. In some ways, the film is entertaining--after all, it panders to us with a brothel-derived insistence upon our own superiority and sanctity. But the audience I saw Five Easy Pieces with seemed to leave the film as one might a whorehouse--wondering whether one's easy satisfaction was worth enduring the falseness and relative debasement.

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MARCIA HAFTER

has led children, teen-age and adult groups in California, Washington DC and

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in California and at The Gestalt Institute of Canada. While at the Institute

she worked with Janet Lederman. Marcia led children in fantasy,

movement and the Gestalt awareness process in addition to working with

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resident of The Center, has led gestalt groups in area schools and

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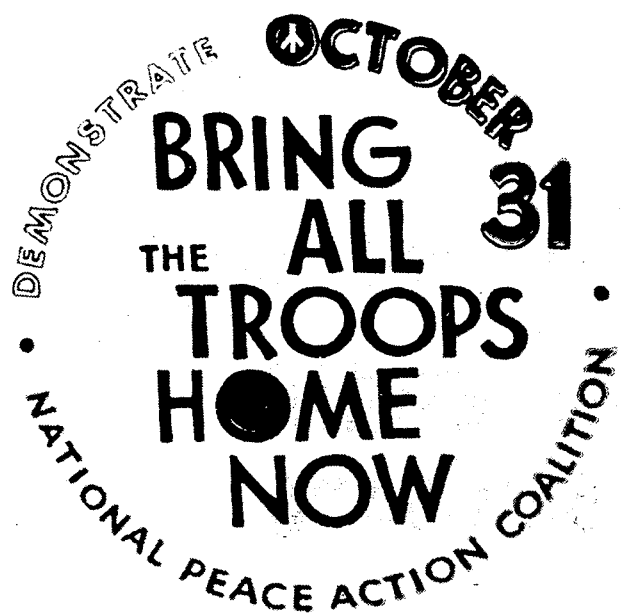
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THE McDOWELL PAPERS

CHARLES McDOWELL JR.

MY neighbor Mr. Bumbleton insists there is more behind Vice President Spiro T. Agnew's recent campaign oratory than those fun-loving speechwriters on loan from the White House, Bill Safire and Pat Buchanan.

Mr. Bumbleton enjoys pretending that they are merely the top men in a vast organization that researches, confects, tests, revises and polishes the speeches that are attracting so much attention.

He says he has a friend he identifies only as Paul who works in the Office of Hortatory Hypothesis, Catchphrase Division.

As Mr. Bumbleton tells it, Paul recently picked up his office telephone and said: "Marge, connect me with Alliteration and Polysyllabicity, please."

"That digital designation is otherwise utilized," she replied.

"Well, give me whoever's on the desk in Rhetorical Rheostatic Control," Paul said.

She rang and a voice said: "Rhetorical Rheostatic Control, Jack speaking. Make it sing."

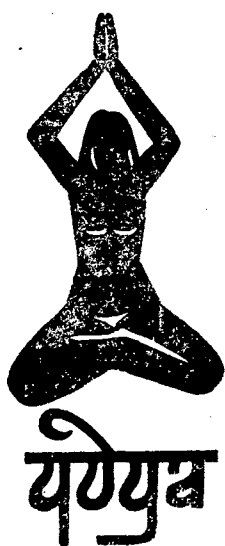
"Hello, Jack, this is Paul. Is Harold there?"

"He's out with some of the boys from Ad Hominem Allegations, conferring over preprandial potations, I'll warrant. Can I help?"

"Those nabobs ought to be careful about drinking at lunch. It's beginning to show up in the syllogisms."

"I'll try to handle it, Paul. What's on your mind?"

"Well, I'm working on the Florida speech for the end of the week, and I need clearance for the grabber."



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"Run it by me Paul, and I'll pass it on to Polysyllabicity and Alliteration if it meets the basic standard for catchphrases."

"What is the basic standard this week?"

"It's still nattering nabobs of negativism. Nobody has topped that one, and we like to keep aiming that high in terms of alliteration, rhythm and all-purpose zing. What have you got?"

"Are you ready for it, Jack?"

"I'm braced."

"Flatulent flugelmen of flummery!"

"Hey! I like it. I like it! I think I can assure you, Paul, that we can send that one upstairs for final approval. Flatulent flugelmen of flummery! Wow! Congratulations, Paul."

"Thanks, Jack, I think it beats sophomoric soporifics of sophistication, which is the best thing we had on the drawing board until this came along."

"Right. Flatulent flugelmen of flummery is better. It hits the radical liberals head on. The other one is indirect. The boys in Targeting would never have bought it."

"I agree. By the way, Jack, something happened down here today that will amuse you. You know we have young Turner down here breaking in on catchphrases. He came up with theoretical thimblerriggers and Throttlebottoms."

"He wasn't serious?"

"He was. The poor naive kid had no idea Throttlebottom was a vice president."

"Watch that kind very closely, Paul."

"Don't worry. By the way, when I was poking around in the S's in the dictionary, I came upon a fascinating word. Did you know there is such a thing as a spirometer?"

"The mind boggles. What is it?"

"A spirometer is an instrument for measuring the air entering and leaving the lungs; also an instrument used in calibrating gas meters to measure the volume of gas."

"Paul, do you suppose the Democrats will come across that?"

"I doubt it, Jack. The Democrats don't begin to appreciate the uses of the dictionary in modern politics."

Richmond Times-Dispatch

Foods cont'd

uretic (to reduce edema, or "water-logging"). Probably alfalfa sprouts are similarly helpful.

Sprouts, for best values, should be eaten uncooked, right out of the sprouting dish or in salads. They can also be ground up and used as or in cold cereals. They taste good when dropped into soups at the last minute, added to scrambled eggs, or baked into breads.

Other information and ways to grow sprouts are detailed in *Feel Like a Million*, by Cathryn Elwood (a 95¢ Pocketbook) and *The Natural Foods Cookbook*, by Beatrice Trum Hunter (Pyramid, 95¢). These two books are very good natural food primers.

Not everyone wants or is able to move to the country and grow foods organically. But everyone can afford the time and pennies it takes to grow sprouts, for pleasure and/or survival.

HOW TO SPROUT

1. Get untreated and, if possible, organically grown seeds from natural foods stores. (Other may have poisonous chemicals or have lower percentage of germination.)
 2. Soak 1/8-1/4 cup seeds in water. In summer 8 hours, in winter 12-16 hours.
 3. Drain into sieve, saving liquid for soup stocks.
 4. Rinse and drain again.
 5. Spread in bottom of an unglazed earthenware dish (the kind used under flower pots).
 6. Set earthenware dish in bowl of water. Enough water will seep thru to keep the sprouts moist.
 7. Keep sprouts covered till well germinated, then set in indirect sunlight if greenness is desired.
 8. Lift cover every so often to ventilate, as carbon dioxide and heat are generated by the growth.
- If there is too much water, a fungus or bacteria may start. If grown between damp paper towels, anaerobic bacteria may get going. Other causes of failure: seeds too old, too cold, or too much light.

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-Baldwin, Gretsch musical instruments, Central Bank and Trust Co., Empire Savings, (Denver Colorado)
- Alco Standard Corporation**
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HELLO there. It's time for another report on the last days of the Republic brought to you by Kilgook, the new biodegradable defoliant that makes you wonder where the forest went, yet is mild and safe for American casualty statistics. You probably thought I had been locked up again. Actually I've been spending all my time perfecting my Spiro Agnew Jukebox. It was no mean feat since it only takes one hundred dollar bills. Then it plays the same song over again. It's been suggested to me that it's not proper to make a profit out of someone else's name, so I'm going to use the excess proceeds to give Spiro Agnew away to charity.

Rev. Carl McIntire was in town the other day trying to put the right back into righteous. He had invited Marshall Ky to speak at his rally, but the Nixon Administration thought it impolitic to permit the American public a close look at the man for whom its sons are dying. Some observers noted that it's getting harder to get a key to the city than it used to be.

The Senate has voted 60 to 5 to repudiate the findings of the commission on pornography. For an outfit that does a good deal more consenting than advising, it was, shall we say, an unusual position. The pornographers' association is considering an anti-trust action. But one downtown Washington pimp remarked, "I don't care how they vote, just as long as they keep buying."

One of those upset by the commission was Senator Roman Hruska, who is so proper he doesn't even pronounce the H in his name. Hruska wrote to Nixon that he was "impelled by due respect for common decency and good morals" to disagree with the commission's findings. He should know something about the subject. He is a part owner of a mid-west movie chain that shows skin flicks and horror movies. In fact, Hruska fought against a Nebraska anti-obscenity law that might have prevented him presenting such epics as "Shanty Tramp" and "The Wild and the Willing." So if the cops bust you for having dirty movies in your house just tell them, "When at home, do as Roman does."

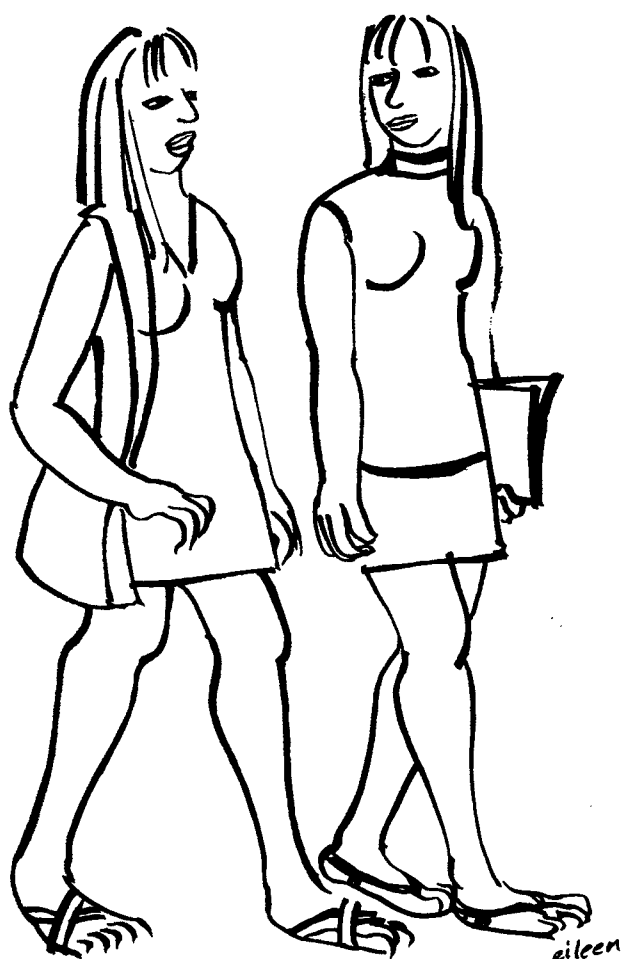
These are sordid and perverted times. Who would have thought that a politician might some day improve his standings by being accused of being the "Christine Jorgensen of the Republican Party." By the way, how did Spiro know?

Well, if you don't like it here you can always go to Canada. There, they only lock you up if you talk about freedom with a French accent.

Droit Sur!

Joshua X. Swampoodle

Purveyor of split infinitives for over thirty years



"Last time I wasn't interested I was called a frigid bitch. This time I was a bourgeois individualist."

Eileen Whalen/LNS

Gagging the campus

LARRY SEIGLE

THE Nixon administration has launched a campaign to de-politicize US campuses. In an attempt to gag the overwhelmingly anti-Nixon student population, a set of political "guidelines" has been sent to colleges across the country, outlining severe restrictions on political organizations.

The guidelines from Washington to accomplish this are set forth in a statement from the American Council on Education, which counts as member institutions virtually all major colleges and universities in the country. The statement was prepared after a May 26 meeting between ACE, the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and the Justice Department.

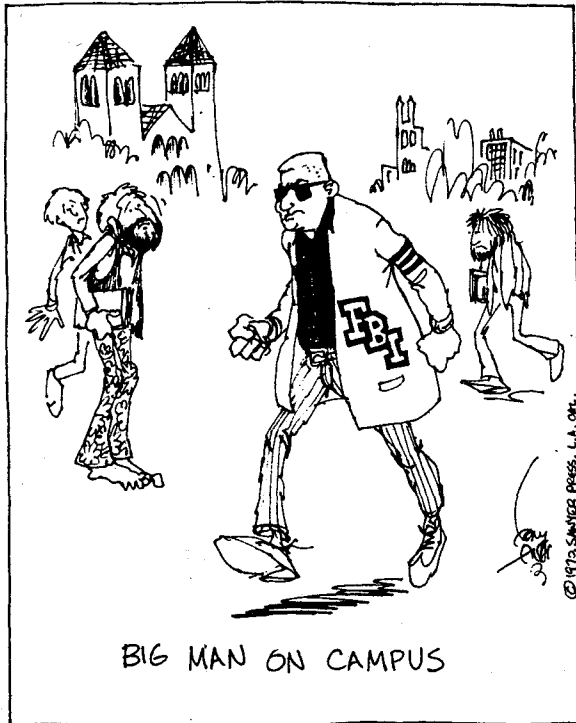
The guidelines are based on Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code, which governs institutions run for "religious, charitable or educational purposes."

ACE advises its members that they are in danger of losing their tax-exempt status if they fail to put the clamps on political activity by students, faculty and staff. According to the statement, academic recesses for political reasons (such as the "Princeton Plan" for a two-week break prior to the elections) would be forbidden unless the time was made up during some other vacation period. The same rule could, apparently, be applied to the closing of schools for student strikes.

But the heart of the new regulations is the provision that campus organizations which "intervene in or campaign on behalf of candidates for public office, or permit non-members of the university community to avail themselves of university facilities or services" should no longer be allowed the use of campus facilities unless they pay for them at commercial rates. In addition, the ACE warns, "extraordinary or prolonged use of facilities, particularly by non-members of the university community, even with reimbursement, might raise questions."

The universities and colleges are told, in effect, to police themselves, with the threat of a loss of tax exemption if they fail to do so to the satisfaction of Internal Revenue. The ACE document has led some campus administrations to issue local versions of the restrictions.

The Militant



BIG MAN ON CAMPUS

At Columbia University, a sweeping set of restrictions was announced Sept. 17 by President William McGill. These rules declare that activities of campus organizations "aimed off campus toward support of legislation or support of, or opposition to, any candidate for public office" may not be conducted on the Columbia campus. Moreover, any campus group that does engage in this proscribed political activity, even if it does so off campus, will then be billed for any campus activities it engages in, including those of a "non-political" nature.

One of the most ominous aspects of the guidelines is the fact that they open the door to censorship of student newspapers and radio stations. Several college editors in the New York area have been told that they cannot endorse candidates in the November elections.

These guidelines are a direct response by the Nixon administration to last May's student strike. They are part and parcel of Nixon's plan to bludgeon, threaten and intimidate the campuses into quiet acceptance of his policies.

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MISC.

HELP! Visitors' Services Center needs space to rent -- house or apartment -- as close as possible to D.C. Jail. Call Mrs. Horvitz, 347-0511

CAPITOL Hill Montessori School Square Dance-Buffer, Saturday, Nov. 7, 7:30 p.m. St. Mark's Church, 3rd & A SE, Capitol Hill. Enjoy an evening of live country music, dinner, beer and wine. Tickets: \$3.75. For information call Mrs. Kennedy, 543-3788 Benefit for Scholarship Fund.

Non-discriminatory camps

THE House Internal Security Committee has voted to permit concentration camps in the United States, but with a provision barring detention "on account of race, color, or ancestry."

The committee voted 7-1 to report to the House a bill which would leave intact the key sections of title II of the Emergency Detention Act of 1950, which allows the President to round up suspected "subversives" and put them in detention camps.

Concern over the bill had risen since the Nixon administration took office, especially after Asst. Attorney General Richard Kleindienst was quoted in *Atlantic* as favoring their use for some radicals. He later denied having made the statement.

The Nixon administration recommended, and the Senate agreed, that the provisions establishing the detention camps should be repealed. However, HISC chairman Richard Ichord (D-Mo.), who feels radicals, especially the Black Panther Party, pose an imminent danger to the

U.S., first bottled up the bill and finally agreed to report out the new amendment only after considerable pressure from other committee members.

The non-discrimination clause was intended to assuage the fears of both blacks and Japanese-Americans, who were rounded up during World War II. However, it would still allow the

President to grab up radicals and throw them into camps.

There will be an attempt to amend the bill to bar all concentration camps when the bill reaches the floor of the House. If that fails, attempts will be made to find a "compromise" between the Senate and House versions in conference committees. (LNS)

Forked tongues in the Bay State

A WAMPANOAG Indian, chosen to be state orator for the 350th anniversary celebrations of the landing of the Pilgrims said state officials not only speak with forked tongue but tried to make him do the same. Frank James, 46, said the speech he wrote, critical of the Pilgrims' treatment of the Indians and the treatment Indians have received ever since, was rejected by the Massachusetts State Department of Commerce and Development. A speech was written for him to deliver at a governor's banquet, but James rejected it. "This is childish and untrue," he told state officials.

He then refused to deliver any speech.

James, who is president of the Federated Eastern Indian League, had originally accused the Pilgrims of stealing from Indian graves, and stealing Indian wheat and bean supplies for the winter; other settlers he accused of selling Indian "slaves" for 20 shillings. The Department of Commerce objected to the speech because it didn't discuss the good relations between the Pilgrims and Indians. The reason for this omission, according to James, was that "there weren't any" good relations.

Earnest A. Lucci, deputy commissioner,

said "I never took exception to the speech's historical accuracy, but only that it deviated from the function of a state orator, and besides, it was inflammatory. I mean you can't go around calling people grave robbers."

Lucci especially took exception to one part of James' speech, where he'd written: "We are uniting. We're not standing in our wigwams but in your concrete tent. We stand tall and proud, and before too many moons pass we'll right the wrongs we have allowed to happen to us."

"Now I interpret that as a threat," said Lucci. "What is the world coming to, in these days of discord, when we can't even have a speech calling for unity at a function such as this? Some of my best friends are Indians!"

James told the press: "I wired the governor to tell him I felt my right to free speech had just been restricted. This was a celebration to commemorate the start of white civilization in America, but it also marked the destruction of the Indians."

He then asked, "Why is my son serving on aircraft carrier in the Mideast when back home you can't say the things you want to say?" (LNS)

TRY A CLASSIFIED
IN THE GAZETTE

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

SAM SMITH

ANYONE who says he doesn't condone violence is either a liar or a saint. Nearly all Americans condone violence at some point; our disagreement is over time, place and weapons. Attacks on violence lead inexorably to hypocrisy: the President criticizes disorder and snuggles up to student-bashing trade unionists; the liberal decries the use of military might in Vietnam and encourages it in the Middle East; the radical berates the violence of the system and counters it with his own; a grand jury in Ohio finds one form of violence indictable, another not.

The suppression of violence is the nation's prime business of the moment, but since we differ sharply as to the types of violence that most need suppressing and since there is a growing common disposition to use maximum force to end whatever violence we find distasteful, we achieve precisely the opposite of our articulated goal. Over and over, we seek an end to aggression through some alternative form of violence: capital punishment discourages murder, war brings peace, bombings are but a prelude to a humanistic revolution, the repression of civil liberties secures democracy. None of this is so, of course, but the more we speak of the threat of violence the more we are driven to it.

Neither right nor left is well equipped to justify violence by its results. Two years of Nixonian aggressiveness have not made the streets "safe." Counter-violence has spread from the urban ghetto to the most secure corners of white America. And the violent radical's vision of confrontation followed by repression and then revolution, seems increasingly likely to stop at the second step.

That this presumptuous theory may produce counter-revolutionary results is made all the more probable by the reaction of liberals who, when faced with a choice between anarchism and repression, veer towards the latter. The liberal has deep doubts about this political virility that comes out in times of stress. He begins



to wonder whether some of the awful things conservatives say about him might not be true. Could he be a latent appeaser? A closet commie? The next thing one knows, he's voting for legislation to send troops into Indochina, putting dissenters to the rack and generally behaving in pathetic parody of the reactionary. That's how some of the McCarthyite legislation of the '50s got passed; that's how the unconstitutional crime legislation of this year was approved; that's one reason why it's taken us so long to get out of Vietnam. Put a liberal up against the wall and he recants at the click of the safety. It's happening all over America this campaign, as liberal candidates trade in Roosevelt and Jefferson for Scammon and Wattenburg. The frightened liberal is a dangerous man: witness Hubert Humphrey or Pierre Trudeau. They will sell democracy for security.

Since the middle has joined the violent left and right in the trap of escalating violence in the name of ending violence, it is difficult to see how the spiral can be broken. Certainly, the currently popular sport of pompously decrying violence is not going to change things much. It will probably be as successful as the National Safety Council's holiday preachments. The people who listen aren't the people who bomb buildings or drive recklessly on Labor Day. There is a repulsive streak in the American character that encourages affirmation by negatives. You reach the zenith of freedom through anti-communism, heaven by abstinence, harmony through anti-defamation, and tranquility through anti-violence. This creates employment for an excruciatingly boring pack of ministers, politicians, teachers and journalists, but it doesn't do much for the quality of life.

The cult of violence thrives of fear, frustration and rage. Since we live in a time when paranoia might better be described as a major voting bloc rather than an illness, our environment is particularly ripe for aggression. But its present endemic nature can also be ascribed to the absence of alternatives, the lack of a movement that is stronger, better and wiser than that of anarchism or repression and which, coincidentally, is also non-violent.

It is small wonder that Bobby Seale has wide appeal when placed along side Hubert Humphrey. Who has more to tell America? The Weathermen or Richard Nixon? If it has to be a choice between bastards, why not opt for the ones that are right at least thirty per cent of the time?

But we don't have to have such an unbalanced race. There could be other alternatives. And those of us who are not anarchists or potential recruits for the secret police had better start finding them.

One way of doing so would be to build a political coalition on the left. The refusal of much of the left to engage in pragmatic politics is extreme myopia. The right has never made this

error and as a result of the John Birch Society and the Klan have made themselves felt from the street to Congress. One can affect government without politics (usually in a highly random and erratic fashion), but one cannot govern without politics. The anti-political mysticism of the New Left is just tripe passing for theory.

The para-nationalization of passenger train service and the changing attitudes towards socialized medicine are but two indications America, even as it bitterly tries to retain the old myths, is ready for a major political and economic change. We can either seize the time to begin building a new political or economic order, or the monopolists, the statist and the military will seize it for themselves.

This will require more work than Dr. Spock and his followers seem ready to expend. His "New Party" platform of ending the war, racism and poverty seems hollow when placed against the demands of planning a new future for the nation. The earnest efforts of young reformers on behalf of peace candidates, while commendable in itself, is but the barest beginning of what must be done.

We need to sit down and plan a new and more just economic and political structure for the country that will revive democracy, decentralize power, provide for human needs and replace capitalistic greed with a cooperative ethos. Our proper goal was perhaps best encapsulated years ago when Populist Henry Lloyd spoke of the need for a "cooperative commonwealth."

In all the protest and the fray of the past decade, this has yet to be done. We have absorbed ourselves with the present and, not surprisingly, the future continues to elude us. We isolate ourselves into cliques and peer groups, ideologically pure but politically impotent, and power, not surprisingly, continues to pass us by.

It is one of the most extraordinary aspects of the current situation that no significant third party on the left has developed. And efforts to build non-party coalitions, say, along the lines of a radical Americans for Democratic Action, have been meagre at best. We continue to get our thing together and, when we look up from our work, we find we are pretty much alone.

If we are to build such a new party or coalition, it must be for more than college students and Panthers. It needs constituents more than enemies, organizing more than rhetoric, and issues more than nemises. The elitist snobbery of the left must be overcome and replaced with atmosphere that welcomes participation rather than screens it.

The making of such a coalition is the most important task we have. And if we set ourselves to it, one of the beneficial by-products will be a reduction in the national paranoia and violence, for once again we shall have a future worth facing.

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The case for Channing Phillips

BRUCE TERRIS

IN the last issue, we ran a couple of articles critical of Channing Phillips, one of the contenders in the DC House Delegate race. The following letter from Bruce Terris, chairman of the DC Democratic Central Committee, is in reply.

YOUR recent article on the race for delegate to Congress was critical of Channing Phillips' leadership of the Democratic Central Committee and laudatory of mine. While I appreciate the compliment, this analysis is simply wrong.

Everything that both I and the Central Committee have done since our election in the 1968 primary has been pursuant to Channing Phillips' leadership and direction. All the lobbying we have done has come after thorough consultation with him. I can remember no major activity of the Central Committee in which he has not been involved.

It is true that I have frequently been the spokesman for the Central Committee. That is my responsibility as party chairman. Channing, as national committeeman, is the national representative of the District Democratic Party. In that capacity, he is a member of the O'Hara Commission which is charged with reforming the Democratic National Convention and he is similarly working on the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee for broad party reform. He has spoken at 64 college campuses and numerous other meetings all over the country about colonialism in the District, and urban problems and solutions more generally. He has campaigned for black and other liberal candidates from coast to coast. Despite this national leadership, he has personally led the fight here in the District whenever an issue was important.

If anybody doubts that Channing is tough enough and courageous enough to speak for the District, it is worthwhile to consider his record.

- He publicly opposed the Vietnam War in 1964. How many other candidates or citizens had that much courage and foresight that early?

- He invited peace groups into his church despite protests from many of his parishioners.

- He lobbied in Congress against the DC crime bill before David Eaton and the other leaders had said anything about it.

- He was a plaintiff in the suit which blocked construction of the Three Sisters Bridge. Walter Fauntroy, to give an example, was unwilling to be a plaintiff.

- He was the leader of the Coalition of Conscience, a coalition of 40 civil rights, church, and civic groups, when in 1966 it was struggling for home rule.

- He headed the Citizens Committee for Action on Public Education which led the fight to get Carl Hansen removed as superintendent of schools.

- He has publicly fought with the Federal Housing Administration to get housing for low and moderate income families in the District.

- He went with several other community leaders to the White House during the summer of 1967 to seek to have Chief Layton removed because of the failure of the police department to improve police-community relations.

I could go on. My point is that Channing Phillips has repeatedly stood up on the issues both forcefully and intelligently. But he is not a man who indulges in rhetoric for its own sake.

While I believe that Channing Phillips has spoken out strongly and courageously, I do not think that this alone qualifies him as the best man for delegate. The overriding issue for the District of Columbia must be full self-government. Only by ending Congressional domination can we end freeway blackmail and repressive crime legislation. Only by electing our own government can we choose to spend scarce city funds on education and health services and housing and preventing juvenile delinquency rather than on welfare investigators and more and more policemen.

We know that we cannot get self-government just through the efforts of District citizens. We do not have the power alone. We can only be successful if we build a national campaign to impress on the entire country the need to end colonialism in the Nation's Capitol. We must make the deprivation of liberty in Washington a national civil rights issue just as the deprivation of the right to vote of Southern blacks was a national civil rights issue a few years ago.

I believe that such a national campaign can be successful. Most Americans do not know about the lack of self-government in the District of Columbia. Those who do know don't care much one way or another. But polls suggest that most Americans even in conservative areas favor home rule and full Congressional representation. We must build on this latent and weak support to start a national campaign to pressure Congress to act.

Channing Phillips is, in my opinion, the right man to lead such a national campaign. Among all the existing and potential candidates, only he has a national reputation. He has the ability to run a large, complicated organization as he has demonstrated in the housing field. And he has the articulateness and persuasiveness to move all kinds of people to action.

The Democratic Central Committee which was elected with Channing Phillips has had the opportunity to watch him for a period of over two years. It is a tribute to his political leadership that 23 of the 28 members of this broadly representative group are supporting his candidacy. These 23 believe that he has demonstrated the strong and able political leadership which this city so badly needs in Congress.

THE Gazette welcomes letters and articles on the DC delegate race. Keep them less than 1000 words in length and send to DC Gazette, 109 8th St. NE, Washington DC 20002

ART | ANDREA O. COHEN Alma Thomas

IT is a brave new world Alma Thomas celebrates in her most recent exhibit, now on display at the Franz Bader gallery through November 7. There is an invigorating sense of youthful anticipation in these two series of paintings, one of which pays tribute to nature and the other to the space program.

Miss Thomas is 76 years old. During the last year alone she has participated in over 25 exhibits, including "12 Afro-American Artists," which was shown first at the Lee Nordless gallery in New York and has been travelling throughout the country under the auspices of the NAACP.

Born in Columbia, Georgia, Alma Thomas

and her family came to Washington in 1907 and settled in the house she still lives in at 1530 Fifteenth St., N. W. There is much gratitude in her reminiscences about her parents, who were teachers at Tuskegee, and especially about her mother who, she says, "didn't let us fall down for one minute." "But in the South," she comments, "it was the hardest thing to find a white person who'd want to 'Miss' you. You were a girl as long as you were young, and you were 'Auntie' when you got old. And, my mother said 'that would never happen to you all.' " Miss Thomas chortles as she recalls that as the family got to Alexandria before crossing the

(Please turn to page 13)

A businessman looks at the Penna. Ave. plan

MORTIMER LEBOWITZ, President, Morton's Department Store

FROM the standpoint of retail business there are two downtowns. One is the middle to upper income market, mostly white, which is steadily declining as business moves to the suburbs. The other is the lower to middle income market, which for years has been thriving and increasing along with the changing composition of the city. With this in mind I would like to offer some vital arguments against the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan.

1. It will cause great hardship among the citizens of the District. D.C. is essentially a less than affluent black city. Its business, before the riots, was done in the thriving corridors of 14th Street, upper 7th Street, H Street N.E. as well as downtown. Now downtown provides the only shopping center in town for most of the people of the town. In our own active area, this center includes a rich variety of small stores, larger furniture stores, variety stores, etc., and businesses like Hecht's basement, Lansburgh's basement, Kann's and our Morton's store to serve those of lower income. Of the larger of these, only Hecht's will remain if the project goes ahead, and a great number of the smaller will go. In our own store, cus-

tomers daily tell us of the hardship caused the burning of our 14th Street and H Street stores. Burdened mothers complain of the expense and lost time in going downtown to make a purchase. What will they do when most of their downtown is gone, and they will have to go to the suburban Prince George's or Montgomery Counties to buy, if, indeed, they can find what they want there? It is unreasonable to assume that a new downtown shopping center will develop for the people of the city. Rent for new construction would be perhaps six to eight times as high as it is now.

2. It will be bad for business. This downtown area is the one large area devoted to the people who are the city. To destroy most or all of it in order to bring back the disappearing middle class customer is to throw the baby out with the bath water. Insofar as it serves city people, downtown is flourishing. Our store on 7th Street probably does more business per square foot than 90% of all stores anywhere in the nation. The intensive use of our store indicates how much people need and want us, as we are. I should be surprised if any business that

replaced us could serve half or even one-third as many customers as we do. Any one who has observed the suburban shopping centers since the riots, as I have, will be appalled at the number of D.C. license plates, particularly in Prince George's County. The District can ill afford to lose the sales taxes and jobs that leave town with those plates. The Pennsylvania Avenue Plan would be a Godsend to the suburban counties at District's expense.

3. It will cause many personal hardships, even tragedies. Aside from our own great loss, if the business were taken, we have a staff of about 200 people, mostly black, who would suffer.

In summary, the plan would be hard for the people, the city and the merchants who serve the city people. It would provide a monumental vista, consonant with the history and aspirations of the nation. But just beyond, and impossible to conceal, is the city with its widespread poverty of goods and spirit to shame us in our claims of grandeur. This is where the \$650 million should be spent -- on the schools, the homes, the opportunities. This is where the true monument to our greatness could be.

Beyond the Clark proposal

RICHARD KING

NO matter what the final outcome, the dispute over the Clark Plan has been dispiriting and unseemly. The teachers have appeared to be primarily interested in matters of status and salary. Not to be outdone, the Board and Dr. Clark have been obtuse and vague in their replies to valid questions from the teachers. What the public has been witness to is not the healthy conflict of competing proposals for improving our children's learning, but a sterile shouting match between those with nothing to offer and those who have a proposal which, for all its good intentions, begs many important questions.

One thing remains clear: many, if not most, students in the DC schools receive a miserable education.

What can be done about it? About a year ago George Dennison's *The Lives of Children* was greeted by critics as one of the best books on education published in recent years. The book is clearly that and now has been published in paper by Vintage. Everyone concerned with education should read Dennison's work; that is one thing that can be done.

Dennison calls for decentralization and means thereby that parents, neighbors, community businessmen, etc. should be actively involved in and responsible for the on-going concerns of the school. The essence of decentralization does not consist of parents meeting periodically to listen to harangues by radicals of whatever stripe. Moreover, Dennison calls for a reduction in size of the primary school and its dispersal over the community. His First Street School in New York was composed of 20 to 30 kids, 3 or 4 teachers, and drew upon numerous other part-time people who had particular talents (music, art, cooking, etc.). In his book Dennison discusses the problems of financing, equipping and getting the school accredited, matters which turn out to be less difficult than one would think.

The initial and most important task of the teachers is to establish a context of care and concern. This vital concern--what Dennison dares call love--is not the smarmy, sentimental and often condescending attitude, which so many middle-class parents mistake for the genuine article, and against which educators such as Kenneth Clark react. It creates a "world" in which learning is possible. And without this very "hard-nosed" concern, little learning can go on, no matter what fancy methods are applied.

All sorts of methods and devices should be used to help the children learn. The phonic, look and see, and programmed approaches to reading can be applied, appropriate to the particular needs of the child. To use one method across the board for every child is to fall back into the trap where children are seen as standard-

ized "learning machines," but in fact learn very little.

Most shattering to the egos of teachers is Dennison's contention that the link between institutional teaching and actual learning is extremely tenuous. Children learn to speak, walk, dance, play ball, sing fairly complicated songs with little or no formal instruction. Furthermore, they learn most "efficiently" from each other. What the teacher must do is "be around" when he is needed; at other times he must know when to "get out of the child's way." Dennison's book brings to life the true meaning of Dewey's worn-out imperative to "learn by

doing;" a child who acts upon his own experience and is prompted by his own needs must be allowed to complete the tasks he sees as urgent.

And finally, schools should automatically supply breakfast and lunch to those children who need them. Anything else is stupid, since if anything is clear, it is that no one can do much when he is hungry.

These then are some of Dennison's main points. Dennison's school was racially and socially mixed and thereby demonstrated, I think, that "free schools" need not be the club-houses of the bored children of the affluent middle class.

Art cont'd

river into Washington, her mother touched her sister and said, "you take your shoes off and knock that Georgia sand out of them. Don't you ever go back there again."

Howard University's first art class had an enrollment of one, Alma Thomas, and she was the first graduate of its art department in 1924. The next year she went to Columbia University for her Master's Degree and then returned to Washington to paint and teach at Shaw Junior High School until her retirement in 1960. For ten years, from 1950 to 1960, she studied painting and art history at American University and finally--"with a Masters and 60 to 70 credits beyond it, but having no interest in a PhD, the people in the office said I was crazy, so--I left." During her lifetime, Miss Thomas has had 6 one man shows, participated in over 70 group shows, and has paintings in major public and private collections.

Alma Thomas' present show reflects not only her acceptance of cultural and technological change, but her fascination with it, as well as her abiding love and respect for nature. Her "earth" paintings were inspired by Washington's many spring displays, such as the azaleas, cherry blossoms and the arboretum. For her, "man's highest inspiration comes from nature. A world without color would seem dead," she goes on. "Light reveals to us the spirit and living soul of the world through color. Spring delivers her dynamic sermon to the world each year, drenching one's soul with its extravaganza--outbursts of light, hues of color, which turn to darker ones as the weather grows warmer."

Jacob Kainen, of the Smithsonian, speaks of Alma Thomas as the "Signac of current color painters." When asked how she came to paint

in her present idiom, Miss Thomas said that in the spring of 1964 she was immobilized by arthritis. She pointed to the holly tree which plays against her bay window. "That tree, I love it. It's the one who inspired me to do this sort of thing. The composition in the bay window reached me each morning--the colors, the wind who is their creative designer, the sunshine filtering through the leaves to add joy. The white comes through those leaves and gives me the white of the canvas. I'm fascinated by the way the white canvas dots around, and above and through the color format. My strokes are free and irregular, some close together, others far apart, thus creating interesting patterns of canvas peeping around the strokes."

No need here for obscurantist incomprehensible "critical" interpretations which muddy clear surfaces. The paintings are what the artist says they are and they're clear, strong and tender.

Alma Thomas' "space" paintings were inspired by her fascination with the release from the past heralded by the space program. Having been born in the horse and buggy days of the late nineteenth century, she finds the astronomical changes she's witnessed "most exciting." From the Apollo 10 series "in which Charlie Brown let Snoopy spin around and enjoy the unbeatable sights," she developed five or six canvases she calls "Sunrise on the World."

James Harithas, former director of the Corcoran wrote: "Alma Thomas is remarkable. She has not only accepted the basic principles of modern abstract painting, but she has found in them a source of expression for her delight in nature. Although she has been painting for years, she is supremely young and individual in her work which reflects freshness of vision and real insight into the world around her."

The lettuce boycott blackout

JIM HIGHTOWER

CESAR Chavez, who took grapes off your table for quite a while, now hopes that you will cut back on your salad eating. There is a nation-wide boycott against western iceberg lettuce. You probably did not know that until now. In fact, if you depend on Washington's daily papers for news, you probably are unaware that there has been any problem at all with lettuce. The Washington press has been almost speechless about the nasty goings-on in the sprawling vegetable and fruit fields of California's Salinas Valley--a place that bills itself as the nation's "salad bowl."

Out there, Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) have spent the last three months locked in a terrible battle with the lettuce growers, the Teamsters Union, the local establishment, the California court system, and practically everyone else. There have been two major strikes and there have been endless negotiations, including unhappy sessions with the Western Conference of Teamsters, which has shown itself less than noble in the whole affair. Sadly, there has also been incredible violence--brutal beatings, bomb threats, and shootings. The oppression (both official and otherwise) became so overwhelming that Chavez was forced to call off the general strike in Salinas. On September 17th, UFWOC announced a tactical shift from a local strike to a nation-wide boycott against all California and Arizona iceberg lettuce that is not picked by UFWOC.

Back East, a virtual press blackout has kept even UFWOC's sympathizers and supporters in the dark; many still are innocently eating lettuce. Since July 27th, when the Salinas affair first surfaced, The Washington Post has run less than a dozen items, with only two of them mentioning the violence. The stories have been very short and none have made the front page. No Post reporter has been assigned to follow the story. In September, a writer for The Evening Star wrote a long story on the subject, but it was never printed. When inquiry was made about this, a Star spokesman pleaded the need to verify the story's California details, and he mumbled something about a student living out there who works half-time with the Star and who might check into the story. Needless to say, nothing has come of that.

Many people keep hoping for more from the Post, which, after all, is a liberal paper. Editorially, the paper had spoken out for the grape strikers, even if belatedly and half-heartedly. With this track record, why should they intentionally neglect horror stories in the lettuce fields and avoid reporting an agricultural battle that means so much to the success of farm-worker unionization?

On October 15th the Post revealed why it was not too diligent in its news coverage. On that date, the paper broke from its carefully calculated policy of neglect and publicly exposed its allegiance to agribusiness. This major event will not be found on the editorial page, of course, nor can it be located elsewhere in the first section. Ardent students of the Post know that one does not read the editorials to find where the powers of the Post really put their faith; rather, one looks to such places as the classifieds or Style. In this case, the place to look is the food section.

Splashed all over the front page of that section on October 15th was a feature on Mexican food, including what can only be described as a paean to "fresh green heads of Western iceberg lettuce." In a four-color demonstration of its true loyalties, the Post pictured several appetizing creations, each of which called for "the cool crispness of shredded lettuce." The pitch was not subtle, but those who failed to get the message had only to read the accompanying article by Elinor Lee, who is the food editor: "Lettuce is a featured buy in supermarkets of at least one large chain this week, so now is the time to use it in new and exciting ways. Even for the Post, that is callous."

There is not much satisfaction in attacking Mrs. Lee as some kind of vicious woman out to get UFWOC. In fact, to this reporter, she seemed genuinely upset to realize that she was instrumental in pushing a product that was costing its harvestors such a heavy price. She said that she did not know that there was a boycott against lettuce, nor was she aware of events

in Salinas. Since she works at the Post and probably relies on it for news, that possibility is not too far-fetched. She said that she had only wanted to build some economy menus around the lettuce specials being run that week by several food chains. On the inside pages of the food section of the 15th, lettuce specials were being run by Jumbo Food Stores, District Grocery Stores, A&P Stores, and Grand Union Supermarkets.

Of course, others at the Post are less isolated than Mrs. Lee. Those who determine policy at the paper--those who pass on features by Mrs. Lee and who refuse to pass on stories about violence in Salinas--know exactly why those grocery chains are featuring lettuce, and they know exactly what it means for the Post to push hard (too hard) for lettuce. But this paper has a history of bifurcating their policy on issues. They editorialize for women's rights, but they maintain sexually segregated help-wanted columns; now they will posture editorially toward farm workers, but they will sell out farm workers to advertiser pressure. The Post simply is not prepared to put its money where its mouth is.

Meanwhile, there is a boycott in this town. The machinery of the grape boycott is being cranked up again. Reverend Eugene Boutillier, who heads the DC boycott, said that Giant Food

is the only chain in Washington that has signed an agreement to handle nothing but UFWOC lettuce. He reports that the A&P Stores, which had been good on grapes, "is taking a hard line on lettuce and won't even talk to us." The DC Boycott Committee will continue its efforts for negotiations with A&P and with all the other chains in the Washington area. Boutillier named Food Fair as the first DC target for the boycott's pickets.

It will not be easy with lettuce. Grapes were a luxury item, but people consider lettuce a staple. In addition, agribusiness has grown more devious. Not only do they have such compliant media as the Post and such unsuspecting outlets as Elinor Lee, but they have taken on the Teamsters Union as a partner. UFWOC wants you to purchase iceberg lettuce carrying their label (about 20% of the total does). But the California growers have created the Free Marketing Council, which will push "union picked" lettuce--meaning lettuce picked under agreements with the Teamsters Union. To support the lettuce boycott, one has to look for (and demand) the UFWOC label--featuring the black Aztec eagle.

Those who want more information about the boycott, those who want to participate actively, or those who want to contribute, should call 587-0510 or write to UFWOC-AFL-CIO, 7332 Piney Branch Rd., Takoma Park, Md.

DRAMA | THOMAS SHALES Theatre in Nixonland

SOME people are fearing a return of the 1950's. I don't remember the fifties as being all that bad because I just barely remember the fifties at all. In contrast, who will ever forget the sixties?

With Nixon in the (cough, cough) White House, it has been feared that the wretched man and his pitiful underlings would affect the cultural climate of the country, and send it sprawling backwards into a time that some recall as being dominated by placid, innocuous diversions.

There are the usual simplifications at work here. The fifties weren't that bland. Rock'n'-roll was born then, and on Sunday afternoons you could see "Omnibus" on TV, or "Wide, WideWorld," instead of that pacifier for the primitive, football. The decade did have Joe McCarthy, of course, but he was really riding a tide that began in the late forties. And its median age was higher than now, so that the older folks, with dear old Ike at their helm, held--as they might say--sway.

Are we in danger of returning to the cultural fifties? Yes, but later in the decade, not yet. Still, there are signs. One of them is a precious little revival of a play that deserves precious little reviving, "Arsenic and Old Lace," now being produced by Circle-in-the-Square at Ford's.

The work is of absolutely no significance, except to demonstrate that a nobody named Joseph Kesselring could write an amusing little play, make a lot of money, and then disappear, never to be heard from again. There are, to be sure, some laughs left in the tale of the two little old ladies who exercise their charitable instincts by bumping off little old men who wander into their house lonely and downtrodden. But the laughs get to be pretty downtrodden themselves, and there is no special sparkle to this production at all.

In fact, director Theodore Mann seems as disinterested as anybody in the play. He has not kept a very firm hand on the ensemble nor a very sharp stick to the tempo. Things drag and falter, until you wish that somebody would toss the silly old play in the windowseat where the other corpses have gone.

The two young leads, Edward Herrmann as Mortimer Brewster and Stockard Channing as his girlfriend Elaine, are fairly bright. Herrmann could be a very amusing fellow if he'd pull himself together and master the comic

possibilities of his own lanky body. Miss Channing seems the one person in the cast dedicated to giving this play something unique, and beyond the offbeat but intuitive timing she displays, there are signs of a good, sensitive actress--stuck in a small role that justifiably bores her, only she doesn't let on much.

If we are, indeed, doomed to innocuous evenings in the theatre--as homage to the most anti-intellectual U.S. President since, oh, Warren Harding, let them be funny ones. Let them be "Bob and Ray--The Two and Only" at the John Golden Theatre in New York.

Bob and Ray are live and direct from the fifties, where they became big but quiet hits on radio. Now they have made a seemingly impossible transition to the stage, in an endeavor directed by Joseph Hardy, and it is a sizeable success.

I know they aren't daring or brazen. They wouldn't do dirty jokes in a million years. Radio has made them soft-edged and gentle. And I'm for that. Totally non-aggressive humor, and yet it constantly, almost ceaselessly, is exploiting the unending inanities of the medium to which they belong--American broadcasting.

It's perfect the way they use broadcasting style to kid it. Yes, they only kid it. They don't demolish or incinerate it, obviously because they love it. I think a lot of us love it, in a way. In the way that you love a particularly dumb puppy. Of course there are the outrages--the snivelling CBS reporters and their gross patronizing, the whole sick slickness of the corporate enterprise--but in little cities and towns all over the country, broadcasting can be so endearingly inept that you really do love it.

Why, I bet a year doesn't go by that something doesn't remind me of "Elmer the Elephant," the kids' show I used to watch on WNBQ-TV (now WMAQ-TV) in Chicago, the best broadcasting city in the country. The show was live, with a staff announcer (John Conrad) arguing with a prop elephant's head between cartoons. We didn't just laugh at that show--we were close to it (of course, television was still a miracle then, not a national hemorrhoid).

Bob and Ray bring back those fine times in a dandy way. They aren't brilliant, they aren't bitter, but they are beautifully benign. And they are funny. In the fifties, people laughed a lot.

PANTHER SPEAKERS

Speakers and films are available from the Black Panther Party and the Committee to Defend the Panthers. Contact CDP at 1724 20th St. NW or call 462-6789 or 462-6790.

REVOLUTION-ARY PEOPLES CONVENTION

The Panther-sponsored Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention will be held in Washington in early November. The Committee to Defend the Panthers is asking for housing, transportation, food, eating utensils, medical supplies, office supplies, bedding and money. Contact the Panther Party center at 2327 18th St. NW (265-4418) or the Committee to Defend the Panthers, 1724 20th St. NW (462-6789).

LIBRARY PROGRAMS

The DC Public Library issues a monthly listing of its free community programs such as film programs for adults, story hours for children etc. You may pick up a copy at any library or call 783-4492.

HELP DEFEAT BROYHILL

The word from northern Virginia is that Harold Miller is giving Joel Broyhill his toughest fight in recent years. Broyhill can be beat, but Miller needs help. Volunteers (keypunch operators, typists, drivers, election day workers, telephone canvassers etc.) can get in contact with Ruth Kaven, Miller's personnel director, at 820-0266. Contributions should be sent to the Citizens for Miller Committee, 5827 Columbia Pike, Bailey's Crossroad, Va. 22041, or to the DC Citizens for Miller, 614 E SE, DC 20003. The telephone of the DC Citizens is 546-7668 evenings or 638-2268 days.

CAPITOL EAST ASSEMBLY

The second annual Capitol East Community Assembly will be held on Nov. 8 at Stuart Jr. High, 4th & E NE, starting at 2 p.m.

LETTUCE BOYCOTT MEETING

There will be a meeting at the home of Armando Rendon on Oct. 28 to explain the lettuce strike and outline DC boycott activities. 7:30 p.m. at 1849 Lamont St. NW.

CABLE TV HEARINGS

AS the Gazette urged recently, the DC City Council is about to hold public hearings on cable television. The hearings are scheduled for 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. on Nov. 10 and 13. Those wishing to testify should call 638-2223. Witnesses are requested to limit their oral testimony to ten minutes, but written statements submitted for the record may be longer. The major issue is this: shall cable television be turned over for commercial exploitation as is the case with existing television, or shall the community retain control of the medium? There are strong pressures to give a private concern an open-ended franchise with only minimal profit and use going to the city.



The works of Joseph M. Plavcan can be seen at the Capricorn Gallery, 8003 Woodmont Ave., Bethesda, through Nov. 8

DRAMA

Ornette and Being Hit, two plays by Clay Goss at Howard's Ira Aldridge Theatre Oct. 27-Nov. 1 (See article on Goss this issue). . . . Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? at American University thru Oct. 31 (244-6333). . . . Natural and Unnatural Acts, a new play about Lord Byron, at the Folger thru Nov. 15 (546-4986). . . . Kathakali dramas from India at the Museum of Natural History, Nov. 1 at 8 p.m. (381-5407 or 381-5157). . . . The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail opens at Arena Stage on Oct. 28, previews now. (638-6700).

MUSIC

The First Washington Blues Festival, Nov. 5, 6, 7. \$5 per show. At Howard's Crampton Auditorium (332-1811). . . . Pete Seeger at Lisner on Nov. 7 & 8, 8 p.m. . . . All Beethoven concert by Baroque Chamber Orchestra Nov. 3 at Alice Deal Junior High. Free. (629-7227). . . . Preservation Hall Jazz Band at Constitution Hall Nov. 15 (393-4433). . . . French National Orchestra at Constitution Hall, Oct. 29 (393-4433) . . . O. C. Smith at the Cellar Door. . . Music from Marlboro at the Museum of Natural History, Nov. 9.

ART

Drawing Society National Exhibition at the Corcoran thru Nov. 1. . . . Jean de Botton at the Agra. . . . Thomas Chimes at the Henri. . . . Thomas Downing at the Pyramid. . . . Joseph M. Plavcan at the Capricorn. . . Water colors and graphics at the Arts Club of Washington, 2017 Eye St. NW through Nov. 12. . . . Cartoons by Oliphant at the Dimock Gallery in Lower Lisner thru Oct. 29. . . . Mary Cassatt at the National thru Nov. 8. . . . Alma Thomas at Franz Bader thru Nov. 7 (See review this issue).

BUS FARE STRUCTURE HEARINGS

The Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Commission will hold a hearing Oct. 29 to consider whether DC Transit bus fares discriminate against District riders and in favor of Maryland riders. Local groups have charged that they do.

LETTUCE BOYCOTT

For those who wish more information on the iceberg lettuce boycott (see story this issue) or who wish to participate actively, the number to call is 587-0510, or write UFWOC-AFL-CIO, 7332 Piney Branch Rd., Takoma Park, Md. The only local chain who has signed with the farm workers on lettuce is Giant.

DRAMA

SALLY CROWELL

Howard's Clay Goss

WHILE Howard University's President Cheek remains under fire as a result of his sitting down with President Nixon, and endorsing Channing Phillips for D.C.'s delegate to Congress, the colleges of his university are devoting their energies to getting their respective houses in order. For years Howard University, often referred to as the "Negro Harvard," is searching desperately for a direction that will make Howard unique as a progressive black institution. "For years we as a people have merely advanced, when we thought we were progressing," says Howard's playwright-in-residence, Clay Goss. "Today the same people aren't cool anymore and eventually 'the people' (referring to the 80% of the black population that is poor) will be the answer." It is this great mass of black humanity that Goss would like to serve and reflect through his plays, and he prefers to mount these plays on a local community level rather than working for Hollywood, Broadway or off-broadway. He believes, along with many of his black contemporaries, that the atmosphere of competition and box-office success stifles creativity and breeds black hustlers, rather than black writers.

Clay, who hails from Philadelphia, is said to have the 'Philly beat' in his poetry, and his plays are excellent vehicles for the integration of good jazz music and movement. Two of these

plays, will premiere at the Ira Aldridge Theatre at Howard from Oct. 27-Nov. 1. Ornette, the more experimental play on the bill, deals with the last minutes in the life of an alto sax player who is about to die from an over dose of drugs, and Being Hit is the story of a former D.C. fighter, Holly Mims, who spent nineteen years of his life in the ring taking punches.

Clay, who is the first such writer to be retained by Howard as playwright-in-residence, chooses not to define himself in the terms of "being a writer." He rather believes that "a family is what I am and my writing will always be secondary." Goss is referring to his ten-month-old daughter and his wife, Linda, who is expecting their second child. He believes very deeply in his family involvement and bases much of his philosophy on this. Goss is a black humanist, and his plays--alive, searching and vital--are a natural extension of their author. Above all, they're hopeful.

Both Clay and Linda Goss are represented in Dodd, Meade anthology We Speak as Liberators and these lines from one of his poems says much about what they feel concerning the coming life and black theatre of the 70's:

. . . Just a little time to get our thing together and rise up warm hot together sometimes one unsuspecting morning like the sun. AMEN

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